

THE
HAMILTONIAN



HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL

October-November-Number

1918

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No. I

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DEDICATION

GREETINGS FROM THE FACULTY

It is a real pleasure in behalf of the faculty to state that this our first attempt at a school paper, is the result of that ever constant desire on the part of the students to have our Hamilton High School on a footing with the better and more progressive schools of the state.

And why a school paper? Every wide-awake high school has in addition to its regular routine of work certain branches of activities in which students become interested, and into which they may throw their surplus energy and enthusiasm.

We believe, in launching this school paper project, that we will not only give outsiders a chance to see our school organization as it is today, but through it will come additional incentive toward better literary attainments, better school spirit and ideals, even than now exist and the achievement of a marked growth in the development of our school at large.

May the good work and interest of the students continue so that the future issues of our Hamiltonian shall show well defined evidences of progress in all branches of work and play.

Readers,— do not be over-critical toward this, our initial effort. Frequent interruptions of school life this fall have made it practically impossible to work smoothly for any great length of time. Now that we are "back on the job" in earnest with a longer school session we confidently expect that our November number will turn out to be bigger, broader

and more interesting than the first issue.

Students,—the faculty is back of you heart and soul in this movement; go at it and with that characteristic determination and ever increasing spontaneity and let us all co-operate to make the Hamiltonian's first year a big success.

GREETINGS:

In the past years the Hamilton High School has been lacking a school paper, of any sort. Through the efforts of the Principal, the assistant teachers, and the editorial staff, "The Hamiltonian" is making its initial appearance with this issue.

It has been the desire of the school administration to bring the students into close fellowship with each other, by means of athletics and social activities. The publication of "The Hamiltonian" will go a long way towards realizing this desire.

All true students will help to make this paper a success by reading its columns and submitting contributions or suggestions from time to time.

A hearty welcome is given to the freshmen whose large enrollment is very encouraging. It is to be desired that the first year students take a deep interest in "The Hamiltonian" since in years to come they are the ones who will take the places now held by the upperclassmen.

We are very glad to see the active interest so far taken by the students in this project of publishing a school paper. Now that the co-operation of the student body has been expressed we feel that nothing stands in the way of the success of this, our new undertaking.

EDITOR IN CHIEF

NOVEMBER

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering
wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering
Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the
blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

"The Rainy Day"



A poem from Longfellow representing
the month will appear in each month's
issue of our paper.

ROLL OF HONOR

Boys formerly of the Hamilton Public Schools.

Adams, Randell	Durkee, Lester	Libby, Furber
Anderson, William	Davis, Stoughton	McGinley, Daniel
Brumby, Leo	Elder, William	Merry, Harold
Burns, John	Frazer, Peter	MacDonald, Finley
Burton, Percival	Frazer, Malcolm	McGlaughlin, Charles
Chittick, Robert	Feener, Lester	McGlaughlin, Bly
Cross, Stephen	Gibney, Clarence	McGregor, Harry
Cook, Horace	Gibney, Norman	Poole, James
Cox, John	Grant, Charles	Porter, Harold
Day, Alva	Grant, Warren	Peatfield, Irving
Day, Ernest	Green, Walter	Ramsdell, Frank
Daley, Victor	Hughes, James	Small, Richard
Daley, Harold	Kinsilla, James	Stone, Charles
Daley, Frederick	Kinsilla, John	Toner, Reginald
Dodge, Louis	Keloski, Peter	Taylor, William
Duran, Peter	Lowe, Burton	Varnum, Roy
Duran, Hugh	Lowe, Gardner	Wallace, William
Dufton, Roland	Landers, William	Williams, William

THE SLACKER.

"No, I cannot marry you, Richard. The man I marry must not be a coward." These harsh words came from the lips of Janet Taylor, who had been engaged to Richard Moffit for two years. Now it

was all over. Janet gave him back his ring sadly, but her heart was determined and she would not swerve from her duty.

"Good-bye, Janet. Think of me as well as you can." He walked down the steps and went out the little white gate.

Janet watched him until his broad back disappeared down the lane. The next morning Janet heard that he had left town. She bore bravely the slurring remarks about him and wondered if she had stirred a little spark of patriotism in the heart of the man she loved.

Dick himself wondered why he didn't want to enlist, but he seemed to have a deadly, sickening fear come over him every time he thought of himself all mangled or crippled. Janet had often told him how big and strong he was. How she would hate him, he thought, if he came back a helpless invalid.

After he had left the little village he went straight to the Metropolis. Walking along the street one day he saw one of Pershing's veterans who had lost an arm and leg. The soldier still wore the uniform that had been through two hard battles. Crowds worshipped the hero. Women praised him and children saluted him.

"Would Janet feel like that," he asked himself, "if he came back maimed?" He felt, as he thought it over, that her love for him would be stronger. Suddenly a feeling of shame crept over him—a strong, robust young man. He felt as if he had been asleep. His country needed him, and he responded to its call.

For six long months Janet waited for a letter, but in vain. No one in that little New England village knew how she longed for the sight of Dick, and how she prayed for his return. At last she could stand it no longer. She had once been an operator, so she enlisted with a telegraph unit. On a bright sunny morning she left home, friends and all that she held dear to cross the sea and help her country. She was ready—if need be—to make the supreme sacrifice, for it would be a glorious death—dying for her country.

* * *

Three miles behind the trenches where

some of the fiercest fighting had been going on, a small hut stood like a solitary sentinel keeping guard. The guns could be heard rumbling, and, once in a while, flashes from giant shells illuminated the sky. The ruins of a little French village could be seen in the distance.

Inside the hut a wireless outfit was set up, and only one operator was in sight. That was Janet. Her eyes were sunken and dark, and her face had not a vestige of color left in it. She had been on duty all day and night, and the dawn of another day was breaking. The great red sun crept up slowly and the bright rays it shed made Janet think how small her work in life was.

She stood at the window gazing wearily out. The roar of the guns grew louder and louder. Her head throbbed, and she felt herself growing weaker. Suddenly a peculiar sound came to her ears. It was quite faint, but as she listened it grew louder. She ran to the door. A motorcycle was coming up the field at break-neck speed. The rider slowed down, and stopped a few yards from the hut.

She ran to meet him just as he alighted and staggered towards her. He was a pitiful looking sight. A blood-soaked bandage was around his head—covering one eye. His face was stained with earth, mingled with blood. Part of the sleeve of his uniform was shot away, and he was hatless. In one hand he held a paper.

"Rush this to General B—", he cried. His voice was hoarse and weak, and the last word was scarcely above a whisper. She ran to her apparatus, and the dispatch-bearer staggered to the door after her and fell face downward on the rough earth floor.

After she had sent the message, which was an order for reinforcements, she turned her attention to the messenger. Blood was flowing from the wound in his arm despite the handkerchief that was

bound on it. The khaki of his uniform was now a dingy dirty gray. She turned him over. A look of recognition and of joy came into her face. The look changed to horror. Was he dead?

She knelt beside him and put her ear to

his heart. It was beating! His eyelids fluttered and then opened. "Janet," he whispered in a scarcely audible whisper, and what her reply was only Dick knows.

LYNDALL MILLER, '20.

AMERICA TO FRANCE

Nearly twenty years had passed since the great world war. This long period had been a very trying one for all, in the huge attempt to bring civilization once more to a normal state. At last however it seemed that the sacrifice had not been in vain. Prosperity was reigning once more, and people were beginning to forget that there ever had been suffering.

This feeling penetrated to the little town of B—— in south western France until the remarkable discovery of Madam La Ple aroused the people once more to give greater honor to these soldiers who helped to crush autocracy, and to those nurses who gave their lives that the soldiers might live.

This discovery was in the form of a letter, written by a French soldier, enclosed in a dark leather wallet. It had recently been unearthed by ploughing, which accounted for the late date of discovery.

* * *

Helen Layne and her brother Charles, enlisted for overseas duty when America first entered the war. Because of the necessary training which the unexperienced soldiers required before actual service, Helen reached France first.

Among her first patients was a French soldier of very high rank. His wounds were so serious that for days his life had been dispained of, but Helen's unceasing care had finally brought him back to life.

The loyal friendship which usually resulted in such cases was not lacking in this one. Helen and Jean became the

best of friends, always talking and joking, and sometimes Jean confided some secrets that he possessed, for he knew her to be a stanch patriot.

Soon after Jean left the hospital Helen, worn out from her long months of nursing, broke down completely and was sent to a private sanitarium for care. In the delirium which followed she gave away many of the seerets which Jean had told, not that they were particularly interesting but because she had heard them so recently.

Days passed by, and one day came the astonishing news that a famous telegraph station had been discovered by the enemy, and already many of their important messages had been received.

The paper said that the most astonishing thing was that the traitor had been traced to Colonel Jean Val Lach, who was the only person outside of the telegraph operators to know of this important post. At present the Colonel could not be found.

Helen was horror stricken when she read this terrible news. She knew that Jean had never told, but how had it ever leaked out? The more she thought about it, the terrible truth forced itself upon her.

She went immediately to headquarters and gave herself up as a traitor, for she knew that this was the only thing to save Jean.

In the trial that followed she refused

to say anything save that she was a traitor.

The Court Marshal had just pronounced the sentence of death, when a figure arose in the court room. It was Jean. No wonder he had not been recognized for his hair had turned gray, and his shoulders a little bent. Yes, he had had a long sickness.

These thoughts flashed through Helen's

mind and instantly she raised her hand to her forehead.

To the people it meant only a sign of the deepest pain, but to Jean it meant the oath which he had once told her, never to betray a patriot, and was she not the greatest of patriots, one who gave her life for a soldier?

Thus America, in this individual was united in loyalty to France.

ELEANOR SCULLEY, '21.

THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN

Miss Dorothy Brown was seated before the fireplace in her own little pink and white bedroom. She was not reading, nor was she writing, but crying as though her heart would truly break.

"Why, Dorothy, whatever is the matter," asked Mrs. Brown as she entered the room. "Boo-hoo-hoo," sobbed Dorothy, "Betty t-told me that B-Bobby was going to invite that new girl, Ellen Terry, to go with him to the Junior Prom!"

"But surely there are plenty of others that you could go with, aren't there?" questioned her mother.

"Y-Yes but I d-don't want Bobby to g-go with Ellen."

"I don't see what I can do about it, Dorothy," answered Mrs. Brown, "you'll have to find some way out of it yourself."

That evening Mrs. Brown laid the case before her husband. He laughed and laughed, and finally managed to say, "She's just like her mother." Mrs. Brown sailed out of the room and to all appearances the matter ended there. But not for Dorothy, for she was determined that Bobby should not invite Ellen.

The following day at the close of school, Bobby was seen hurrying to catch up with Ellen. "Bobby, will you carry my books for me, please?" inquired a voice directly behind him. "Er-uh-wh-y-er

certainly," he stammered. They walked along in silence for a few moments—then, "Bobby."

"Yes?"

"We've always played together, haven't we?"

"Ever since I can remember."

"And you have always taken me to all the parties and everything, haven't you?" she insisted.

"Of course I have." What in the world was the girl trying to get at anyhow? Again there was silence.

"Bobby."

"Yes?"

"Are you going to the Junior Prom?"

"Certainly, why?"

"Oh! Nothing."

They reached the corner and the stillness was beginning to get on Bobby's nerves. At last he said, "Say, Dotty, did you get your—?"

"My name is Dorothy, if you please," returned that individual with head thrown proudly back and eyes flashing.

"What's the matter with you today?" asked Bobby.

"Well, I'd like to know what the matter is with you," she replied. "I'll carry my books myself now." He handed her the books and then ran across the street to join Sammy and Tommy.

"What shall I do?" thought Dorothy, "Now I've made him cross with me." Suddenly an idea popped into her head and she hurried home as fast as she could.

After dinner she paid a visit to Sammy and returned with a highly satisfied expression on her face. If one had been watching closely after that, one would have seen Sammy go to Tommy's house and then to Dorothy's.

That evening when Dorothy came down to supper, she asked her mother something and Mrs. Brown smiled and nodded.

At seven o'clock, Mrs. Brown telephoned Mrs. MacDonald, inviting her to come over, and spend the evening. "Shall Bobby come, too?" asked Mrs. MacDonald.

"If he'd like to. But Dorothy is going out with Sammy."

When Bobby heard this, he growled, "She never used to go out with anyone but me."

The next afternoon Sammy and Tommy walked home from school with Dorothy. After dinner Dorothy and Tommy passed Bobby's house on the way to the movies. Bobby, who was looking out of the window, scowled and muttered something under his breath.

That evening Bobby came over as he usually did on Wednesday evenings. As Mrs. Brown welcomed him in, he heard sounds of gay laughter and talking. "Where's Dotty?" he asked.

"She's in the kitchen with Sammy making fudge," answered Mrs. Brown, "I will call her."

In a few minutes Dorothy appeared, a mixing spoon in one hand, and a cook book in the other.

"Oh Bobby," she cried, "I'm so sorry, I forgot that this was your night." But indeed she looked far from sorry. "Come out into the kitchen and watch us," she invited.

"Hello, Bobby," called Sammy, "take a seat and if you are good we may give you some of this fudge." Dorothy and Sammy had a very happy evening but Bobby's was full of bitter reflections. His apron on Sammy!

When the time came to go, Sammy started merrily off but Bobby lingered. "Who are you going to the Junior Prom with?" he asked.

"I don't know exactly," she replied, "Sammy and Tommy have both asked me. I suppose you're going with Ellen, aren't you?"

"Say, what right have you to go with Sammy and Tommy? Haven't I always taken you everywhere?"

"Why-er-uh-you didn't ask me," she answered.

"Huh! as if you didn't know I was going to take you! I must say girls are the limit."

THERESA LIBBY, '21

THE PERSISTENT FLY

Have you never attempted to drive off a persistent fly, and with vain efforts? For the harder you exerted yourself physically, and the more annoyed you allowed yourself to become, did not the little torment seem all the more attached to you? Surely this is not affection which draws him to you, for you have indicated in all

possible attitudes that you desire his absence. Perhaps the little scamp thinks you are playing tag with him, for he seems almost to laugh aloud when he escapes a vigorous slap, or when you vainly beat the air while he flies jubilantly about.

How queer you must look to the fly! Imagine a creature running hither and

thither, wagging its head and flourishing dorsal extremities paddle-wheel fashion while it seeks self defense against a tiny creature several thousand times smaller than itself. Think of it! Did you ever consider the fly's point of view?

The next time you sight a little innocent fly in the distance, even if it seems to be

making its way toward you, be civil to the animal, and perhaps, after one or two futile attempts to rouse you into a passion as it expects, surprise it by your composure, and it may be that, finding you are not inclined to play with it, it will seek an easy victim elsewhere.

BY PERMISSION OF A SENIOR.

A WOMAN'S CHOICE

Mrs. S——, shopping, "How much did you say this remnant would be?"

"Thirty cents a yard, two and a half yards in the piece," politely answered the obliging young clerk, measuring as she spoke.

"Between the pale blue and this piece I cannot choose. Both are so dainty," observed the would-be purchaser, undecided.

"Yes. They are pretty. Each is such a novelty in shade. Something different, you know."

"Let me see. I can wear that with my brown suit, and my voile, and—but this will look so well with my dark green suit. Oh! if I only knew my own mind!" Aloud to clerk, "Now really, which would you take? You see, this is why I can't decide," and Mrs. S—— explained the

situation. "I really like this best," — holding up the blue, — "but this," — pointing to the other piece, — "is so different."

Several moments of impressive silence ensued during which Mrs. S—— cocked her head first on one side and then the other, and viewed the objects of indecision from all possible points, a significant toss, then, "I'll take this after all."

As the clerk turned to do up the parcel Mrs. S—— spies a previously unobserved bit of goods suspended above the counter near by. "There, that is just what I'm looking for." Running after the clerk, "I've changed my mind, and you may give me three yards of this instead, if you please."

BY PERMISSION OF A SENIOR.

EXCHANGES

So. Hamilton, Mass.,
Nov. 14, 1918.

Fellow Editors:

It is with much pleasure that the Editors of the "Hamiltonian" introduce the bearer of this letter. We have known the bearer but a few weeks, but so intimately that we feel able to vouch for his possession of several very commendable qualities. It is his spirit of friendliness

and his interest in you that brings him to you as a friend and fellow worker. If you accept him into your Exchange Department as an active worker, you will find him, though young, and as yet inexperienced, ever ready and eager to co-operate with you for the mutual success of our organizations.

Cordially yours,
The Editors.

The student council was reorganized this year with the following members—Richard McGinley, Pres., Ethel Poole and Charles Peterson representing the class of 1919; Robert Trussell, Doris Clark and Mabel Grant the class of '20; Dorothy Smerage, Wesley Towle and Doris Brumby, class of '21; John Deneen, Frank Malone, and Nora Gorman, class of '22.

The purpose of this organization is to encourage the idea of training for citizenship and community service through the activity of the Student Body in the organizing and management of school activities. It is a move whereby some of the responsibilities hitherto borne by the faculty, may be shouldered voluntarily and naturally by the students themselves.

THE SENIOR'S PSALM

Mr. Archibald is my teacher; I shall not pass.

He maketh me explain Physics problems, and exposeth my ignorance before the whole class.

He restorcth my sorrow; he causeth me to give difficult laws and rules for my own sake.

Yea, though I study until midnight, I cannot complete my home work, for daily

examinations and flunk marks sorely trouble me.

He prepareth long lists of questions for the sorrow of his Chemistry Class: he giveth me a low mark; my sorrow runneth over.

Surely low marks and exams will follow me all the years of my life: and I shall remain in his classes forever.

M. COOK, '19

SPORTING AND MILITARY NEWS

At a meeting of the Athletic Association on Tuesday, October twenty second, it was voted by the members to take up football this season. A vote was taken as to the afternoon to hold practice, and Wednesday was found to be the most convenient for all.

The first practice was held Wednesday, October twenty third, at two-thirty o'clock. Several of the boys were present, but not as many as were hoped for. Mr. Archibald, acting as coach, selected a few of the boys and placed them in positions that they seemed best suited for.

It is hoped that a better spirit will be shown by the boys by more coming to practices.

The boys of the High School have met and drilled on the school grounds a few times. Mr. Archibald selected eight boys whom he drilled, and after he had drilled

them, he gave each one a chance to command and drill a squad. After the boys were drilled in squad formation they were formed into a company and drilled by Mr. Archibald.

Since then the boys have practiced and have picked up splendidly and by and by—we hope—will surpass the Local State Guard. The contest for officers is to be held some time in the near future. The contest will be held for the following officerships:—

Captain, First Lieutenant, Second Lieutenant, First Sergeant, and Supply Sergeant.

The drill which was to be held on Wednesday, October twenty third, from twelve-forty-five to one-thirty, was not held because of the many protests received against the boys' getting home for dinner so late.

CHARLES PETERSON

MANUAL TRAINING

Manual training is a new course this year in Hamilton High School for the boys. The Manual Training room is in the basement. There are twelve benches equipped with the following tools: three chisels, one hammer, ruler, plane, saw, square, pencil, file, whetstone, knife, dustpan and brush.

The Freshmen boys enjoy working there

very much, we are in the manual training room Tuesdays from 8.10 to 9.40.

Each boy so far has made a broom holder on which he spent a great deal of time. Two of the boys made a letter box which was put up in the hall in the high school to be used for the collection of contributions to the "Hamiltonian."

THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSE

The cooking course is practically the same, so far, this year as it was last.

They are conserving cloth by using again the caps and aprons of last year, and are hoping to learn the secrets of conserving food as well.

The class is expecting to accomplish more this year because they have a half

year's work already behind them. They have taken it up where they left off and are expecting to do bigger things than before.

When they have accomplished some things which they are hoping to, they will perhaps give small luncheons to the teachers and members of the school board.

TO DO MY BIT

Along came Dotty as happy as could be,
Just returning from a Red Cross tea,
"Bobby," she cried with very great con-
cern,

"You don't know how much I've had to
learn!"

When I see what tasks I have to do,

And all the dangers I have to go through,
I think I'll leave it to those who know,
And I'll just knit and work and sew
For the soldier boys, and the sailors too
And just do my best for the red, white,
and blue.

THERESA LIBBY, '21

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

The present commercial department is much improved over that of last year, the typewriting department having more advantages, and new subjects having been introduced, such as Commercial English, for the third year students, and Commercial Geography for the first year students. As sixty-seven per cent of the pupils in the school are taking the Commercial Course, these changes were all necessary.

There are now ten machines in the type-writing room, two new Royals being introduced, and two more Remingtons were brought in. The room has been made much larger, giving space for a double row of machines instead of a single row as before.

The work in the short hand and book-keeping classes has been broken up by the closing of the school, but extra work

is now being done to place it as far ahead as it should be at this time.

The class in Commercial English is advancing very well. Commercial English is one of the new subjects along with

shorthand and bookkeeping introduced to enable the student to enter the commercial world in the future.

FRANKLIN HOLLAND '20

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB NOTES

The Glee Club is composed of every girl in the high school who likes to sing and wishes to belong.

At the first meeting of the club this year, thirty-two girls were enrolled as members, which was quite a large increase over last year's enrollment. At this meeting officers were elected for the coming year. Two officers were chosen: Gladys Mann, President, and Mable Grant, Secretary and Treasurer combined. It was decided to change the time of meeting from 2.00 P. M. to 2.15 P. M. on Tuesday afternoons, because of the dinner hour

being so short; also to have a fine of five cents to be paid by each absent member.

Mr. Archibald is the conductor of the music and Mrs. Archibald is pianist. The girls are working on two selections entitled "Morning" and "When the Great Red Dawn is Shining."

The club appeared publicly for the first time this year at the War Fund Campaign meeting held in the Hamilton Town Hall, Sunday evening, November tenth.

RUTH B. PERLEY,
Social Editor.

CLASS NOTES

1919

Wanted—(By U. S. History students)

New method of teaching U. S. History, so that no studying, reciting, or attending classes is required.

Wanted—Plan of the building so "Trickey" won't get lost going to and from Chem. Laboratory.

Miss Paine claims that it is well to be able to tell by the looks whether a "chicken" is young or old—A valuable power of insight say we.

"Pete."—"If M— were to stand over a dime, why would he remind one of a Woolworth store?"

Voice from class.—"Nothing over ten cents."

Asst. Editor.—"Say, do you know any good jokes?"

Editor.—"Sure, Smith, Dodge, and McGinley."

She.—"I will accept you on one condition."

He.—"That's nothing, I entered the Senior Class on three."

— was standing in front of the High School the other day. Two small boys came along and as soon as they spied him, one of them said to the other, "Watch it 'till I get a brick."

Let us hope Santa brings "Hank" a razor.

Trusell thought the school fence was the German line the other morning when he had charge of the drill company. Quieck "Truekey!" Tell us whieh is your left and whieh is your right.

1920

Did you ever try to study when the "Freshies" are having Com. Civies in the main room? Don't do it!

Miss Paine should have studied to be a dentist. It is just like pulling a tooth to get a word out of some of the Senior English Class.

Wanted—(By "Hank" Dodge)

A Morris chair or lounge to be placed before his desk in placee of his regular seat whieh he complains is so hard that he has bad dreams when he takes his regular 8 A. M. to 1 P. M. snooze. Please address "any street corner," it will reach "Hank" all right.

Wilbur Daley has fallen for the gay white lights and parted with a perfectly good Canadian quarter. The man in the shop with the glittering lights and striped pole said he would rather elip a dog or a horse.

Thumb taeks are being used extensively this season. If you don't believe it ask "Mooney."

A school paper is a great invention;
The sehol gets all the fame,
The printer gets the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

COMING SOON

Mr. Archibald himself in that
Great Tragedy
"Sending Home the Marks to Pa."

In shorthand our teaher was reading slowly and carefully the words that had been translated from shorthand to long-hand. "Cow," said the teacher. "Cow! I don't see any eow," said a student, not being able to follow the reading.

Teaher.—"A fool can ask questions which a wise man can't answer."

Student.—"That's why I flunked in my last exam." —Ex.

Here's the reason Daley buys the Post mornings. "Mildred Champagne's talks on Love and Sentiment."

FOIBLES OF THE FAMOUS

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." —R. McGinley.

"Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form." —D. Davis.

"His hair was blaek and erisp and long." —P. Smith.

"For diseords make the sweetest airs." —Burns.

1921

"Doc" Harraden is doing fine—we'll next look for him to appear wearing a brown derby hat and swinging a cane.

Teacher.—Is "Flunk" good English?

Pupil.—Sure. All classical people use it.

Teaher (writing down zero)—Many classieal people do it.—Ex.

"The owl draws out its voice into a whale."

Another case of Jonah.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,

"I've flunked again."

He seized her, drew her to him and deliberately struck her. She made no sound. Again and yet again, the brute repeated the blow, and still she gave no sign of suffering. But when, with rapidly growing anger, he struck her for a fourth time she shrieked aloud—and her head flew off. She was only a match!—Ex.

I got A in the last test.

Honest?

No, the usual way.—Ex.

Teacher—I am beautiful. What tense is that?

Pupil—Let's see; that must be the past tense.—Ex.

She—Do you use water to keep your hair in shape?

He—Sure, I have a wave in it.—Ex.

“WHO'S WHO”

Name	Nickname	Hobby	Appearance
William Burns	Bill	Chemist	Natural
Mason Cook	Cookie	Dancing	Handsome
Wilbur Daley	Alb	Cornetist	Pretty Kippy
Donald Davis	Fat	Eating	Well Fed
John Deneen	Mike	Janitor	Timid
Benjamin Dodge	Ben	Grocer	Foolish
Harcourt Dodge	Hank	Machinist	Lanky
John Foster	Skip	Trapper	Dolled up
Bradley Fuller	Brad	Student	Sober
George Haraden	Doc	Bugler	Latest Style
Franklin Holland	Beany	Clerk	Never the same
Einer Johnson	John	Carpenter	Flashy
John Kerrigan	Keg	Mailman	Feminine
Lawrence Knowlton	Bing	Heart breaker	Ladies' Man
Reginald Maidment	Regie	Hostler	Husky
Frank Malone	Malony	Ideal	Skimpy
Samuel Malone	Sam	Athlete	Just watch me
Robinson Mason	Mallet	Druggist	White Frock
Richard McGinley	Rich	Busiest	Medium
James McGinley	Finn	Farmer	Comical
Charles Peterson	Pete	Treasurer	Angelic
Philip Smith	Eagle beak	Soldier	Adorable
Willard Smith	Bert	Geometrician	Unbalanced
Horace Smith	Smut	Hunter	Hammered down
Wesley Towle	Moony	Athlete	Moon face
Robert Trussell	Trut	Loving	Seated in the Hudson
Francis Whipple	Whip	Wittiest	Sedate
Raymond Whipple	Ray	Teamster	Squinty

EDITORIALS

THE U. S. BOYS WORKING RESERVE

Last Spring labor was short on farms, so the Government asked all high school boys over sixteen years of age to volunteer their services from May first to October twelfth. Seven volunteered from our school at the outset and others followed throughout the Summer. Some of the girls showed their patriotism also, as well as some outside of our school. They have now all returned to their duties in school from their long vacation. The Government has recognized their good work by giving the boys badges.

HORACE SMITH, '21

* * *

Industry plays an important part in this present struggle. Therefore labor is urged to respond loyally to any call for enlistment in essential industries.

No sacrifice will be in vain, for, stop and think of the day when the boys will come home, and what did we promise the boys in France?

It's this: that every minute of the day while they are going over the top, while they are going into the trenches, that we'll be back of them, giving, working, fighting, and manufacturing in our factories, tools with which to lick the Huns. Every minute lost or wasted means less help for our soldiers. Hence let us all join the good cause and keep all necessary war work going at top speed.

ETHEL POOLE, '19

* * *

Hamilton High School seems to have forgotten that it has two excellent school songs. I believe that the songs were made to be sung, but I have not heard them since school opened this fall.

* * *

SCHOOL TO BE ONE HOUR LONGER

Owing to the closing of the High School

on account of the Spanish Influenza Epidemic, much time has been lost. The problem of making up, or of making up as nearly as possible these lost hours has been a hard proposition for the School Board, teachers, and students to face. It has at last however been decided to lengthen the school day one hour. This arrangement will go into effect the 18th of this month. School will close at two o'clock instead of at one, the usual time of closing. The period of time given over for recess will be lengthened to thirty minutes which will give the students time in which to get eatables. Those fortunate ones living near enough to the school may go home during their recess. It is hoped that the students and parents will co-operate with the School Board in this act even though it may be a little inconvenient for some of us.

* * *

HAMILTON EVENING SCHOOL

An evening school has just been started in South Hamilton. The purpose of the evening school is to give those who had to leave school and go to work, a chance in the evening to get more schooling so that they may get higher positions.

The large number of registrants and the attendance during the first week showed it was to be a success. Many grown people, besides the young folks who have left school in the past few years, attended, and as far as we know, all were satisfied with it, and enjoyed the privilege of attending.

The subjects taught are mostly in the business course, including Algebra, Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting, English, Shorthand and Bookkeeping.

Wenham people may attend by paying a small tuition. The school is open on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 7.30 to 9.30 o'clock.

ing to a fire in the last part of the second month, and all the students wish the fire had come sooner, because it ends the business. The only thing to do now is to make the closing statements. The third year class has also done good work, finishing two one month sets, and starting a Grocery Business.

As the typewriters make quite a noise when they all are being run at once, each one has been set upon a book in order to deaden the noise. The speed tests have been started for the second year class of typewriting, and a fair showing has been made at it for the first attempt.

SOPHOMORE CHARACTERISTICS

Doris Brumby
Evelyn Conrad
Louise Day
John Foster
Bradley Fuller
Bessie McCrea
Robinson Mason

Delightful Bridget
Easily Caught
Little Dear
Joyous Fellow
Bright and Funny
Beautiful Minerva
Regular Mallet

Real Pretty
Mighty Proud
Dear and Sweet
Effectual Sinister
Pretty Swift
Horse Seller
Windy Tub

EDITORIAL

A new year means a new start in life. Whatever may have been the difficulties of the previous year we feel a renewed hope at this time.

Did you ever stop to think how many resolutions are made by people at this season? We make New Year's Resolutions and keep them for about a week, or maybe a month, and then comes an end to them, for in a few days our good resolutions are forgotten.

Therefore this year let us resolve not to make resolutions unless we intend to keep them, for what is the use of making them if they are to be broken.

Some critics are like chimney-sweepers: they put out fire below, or frighten the swallows from their nests above; they serape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it.

TO ROOSEVELT

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

GLEE CLUB NOTES

The Glee Club showed good spirit when so many of the girls came out the night of the twenty-third of December to take

part in the singing of Christmas Carols. They sang to the sick students and friends of the schools, bringing Christmas cheer with them.

After they were through singing, they gathered at Mr. Knowles' drug store where refreshments consisting of hot chocolate and cookies, were very kindly served by Mr. and Mrs Archibald.

The girls appreciate Mr. and Mrs. Archibalds' coming from Waltham to lead the singing and bringing other singers also.

The school is now planning to give a concert before long. The concert may be

followed by a dance.

The Glee Club are practising on a medley composed by Mrs. Archibald, and are to have new selections to work on soon. They are planning to put much work into the concert. The school chorus will probably sing a few selections also.

We hope that the proceeds from this year's concert will not fall short of last year's which were fifty dollars.

CLASS NOTES

1919

Daley washes the main room floor with the contents of his thermos bottle.

Miss P. "chooses her man." Smith is the victim.

"'Tis better to have loved your teacher than to have been caught by her, loving someone else."

In the series of chloric acids Trussell recommends thru his remarkable ability to speel (correctly?) that we substitute paregoric for perchloric — nothing like tying up chemistry with every day living Robert!

Mrs. S.—(to clerk at hat counter)

"I want to see a respectful looking hat."

(There aint no sich)

"Alb" Daley met with an accident. "Alb" thought that he was carrying too great a load on his shoulders in the form of hair, so he went into a reaping establishment and made himself so comfortable that he fell asleep. When "Alb" woke he was a ruined man.

Father—(leaning over banister)

"Edna."

Edna (below) —"Yes, father."

Father—"Will you tell Mr. C. if he's waiting for the morning paper he can get it quicker down town."

Where did W. S. get the upper story of a pair of pajamas that he is wearing in chemistry laboratory?

The H. H. S. hockey team has not met defeat as yet this season. (Good reason why) (?)

"JUST SUPPOSIN'" —

That we got A's on our next report card.

That the Junior girls were allowed to talk as much and as loud as they would like to. (It would be quiet as a boiler factory around school.)

That the "twelve o'clock whistle" really blew at twelve o'clock. (The "kids" would have no excuse for being late then)

That Gertrude Haskell was as tall as "Luke" and that "Luke" could toe dance

like Gertrude. (You've all heard about that graceful little "bird," the elephant)

That "Pete" kept half his good resolutions concerning good behavior during the last period. (Somebody has got to furnish material for class notes.)

That we were all as smart as Gertrude Sculley—Aw! what's the use!!

E. P. translating in French—

"Donne-moi ta petite main que je la baise."

"Give me your little hand and I will wash it."

"Why is a pig tail like the Germans?"

"Because it's the end of the swine."

The war department has bought many million pairs of shoes. It is plain to see that Uncle Sam does not want his army on their "Uppers."

Teacher—"What is a Diving Bell?"

Student—"Oh! now I know, but I never saw a dame 7.1 feet tall." —Ex.

Facts are carpet tacks under the pneumatic tires of theory.

Bill Hohenzollern is raising whiskers instead of raising anything else.

Charles: Did we have that for today?

English Teacher: Yes, where were you?

Charles: I was here spiritually but not mentally.

English Teacher: What?

Charles: Nothing.

English Teacher: Some people talk a lot but say nothing. You must be one of them, Charles.

U. S. History Teacher: What was General Taylor's policy?

"Pete." Life insurance policy.

U. S. History Teacher: James, can you recite?

James: I don't know.

U. S. History Teacher: It seems as though the extent of your vocabulary is "I don't know," and "Very well, very, very, well."

1920

When the Juniors come in smiling.
And wear their grins all day, you'll know
they all got A
In the "Business English" test.

A Junior who was translating French into English read: "Mais etes vous maitre chez vous," which should have been translated as follows, "Are you master in your own home? The student translated it, "Is your mother at home?"

Spanish-La mona, aunque se vista de seda, mona queda.

English-The Monkey, although he may be clothed in silk, still remains a monkey.

Lawrence Knowlton, '20, has left school and is employed at the United Shoe Machinery Co.

Junior boys are forbidden to wear bow neckties at dancing school because of the trouble they have in tieing them.

1921

Miss R.—Who was the first Capetian leader?

B-M-s-n.—Hugh Capet.

Miss R.—When did he rule?

B-M-s-n.—At the beginning of Chap. XIII.

Mr. Archibald upon retiring to bed recalls his instructions given at 2 P. M. to a student, "You stay here and work on

these examples until I return to correct them."

We hope the unfortunate lad didn't stay all night.

Miss H. (to class learning new keys on the typewriter)

"Did you get that Philip?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because we never had it before."

Run to a fire and the world runs with you.

Run on an errand and you run alone.

1922

The "Freshies" forget that they must be "on their dignity" now that they are in high school and not address their classmates by their nick-names.

Sweet are the uses of a jack-knife in the Freshmen class!!

Bird, beast, or fish?

"The three kinds of sentences are complex, deplex, and incomplex."

From a Freshman paper.

Mr. A—"Who is a good photographer here?"

"Luke"—"Beany Holland is, he was the only one who passed in stenography."

Teacher—Tell what you know about electric railways.

Freshie—It doesn't take long for the passenger to go from the farmer to the consumer.

Wanted:

A hockey game with the Sophomores or Juniors.

A Freshman.

The fraction leaned over and touched the whole number on its digit. "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"

—Ex.

FADS AND FASHIONS

Don't you wish your brother had a pair of knitted stockings?

Boys be careful! Your neckties will get you in trouble if the girls turn many more rings.

Ask some of the "Freshies" how to overcome pale cheeks.

EXCHANGES

THE HAMILTONIAN acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges:

"The Review," Newton High School.

"The Cambridge Review," Cambridge Latin High School.

"Volunteer," Concord High School, Concord, N. H.

"Oracle," Manchester High School, Manchester, N. H.

"The Quarterly," Stanford High School, Stanford, Conn.

"The Monitor," Wellesley High School.

"The Breeze," Cushing Academy.

"The Mirror," Waltham High School.

"The Herald," Holyoke High School.

"The Gazette," Lynn English High School.

COMMENTS

"The Cambridge Review." Your editorials are good, and we certainly envy you your fall athletics.

"The Review." Your stories are very interesting.

"The Breeze." You are certainly well informed as to your alumni members.

"The Herald." Where are your exchanges?

"The Mirror." Each of your successive numbers shows us that we have a high standard to maintain.

"Oracle." The jokes are clever.

"The Monitor." A little poetry would add brightness to your paper.

"The Quarterly." Your paper is very entertaining.

"Volunteer." You have a good paper. Where are your comments?

The
Parent Teachers Association
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AT GRANGE HALL
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HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL

JANUARY NUMBER

1919

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So. Hamilton

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JANUARY

Janus am I; oldest of potentates!
Forward I look and backward, and below.

I count—as god of avenues and gates—
The years that thru my portals come and
go.

I block the roads and drift the fields with
snow,
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts
of men.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MADEMOISELLE MYSTERIOUS

Chapter 1—The Voice of the Battlefield.

Marie Duplessis had disappeared. She, the famous French prima-donna, the idol of all Paris! Where had she gone? Nobody knew, for she had left no clues. Detectives were put on the trail, but without success. No traces of her could be found. She had just slipped away from the stage and her devoted admirers. All Paris talked about it. Her brother Gene was told the terrible news by a fellow poilu as he lay convalescing in a rest camp. Her fiance, Rene Dupre, was heart broken, and, after waiting for two long weeks, which seemed like years to him, he enlisted, as an aviator. They called him "L'audacieux", which means "the Dare-devil", for his courage could not be equalled, and his happiness was never greater than when engaged on some dangerous mission. While all his comrades were "going West," he was coming out of all his engagements without a scratch. In fact, he seemed immune from danger. People said he was queer, because he still believed that Marie Duplessis had gone away of her own accord. He thought that she was alive, and would, some day, come back to him. People told him that this theory was absurd, but he stubbornly clung to his own opinion.

* * *

Meanwhile, where was this idol of the stage? She had gone to her manager's for

a rehearsal, and had never returned. Her friends mourned her as dead, and her manager, Alec Dupont, had offered great sums of money for information as to her whereabouts. She was to have taken the title role in the "Maid of Bautreux" which was to have been staged only two weeks after the date of her disappearance.

Posters were put out describing her appearance, but this seemed a futile proceeding, for had she not been known to the whole population of Paris? Her sweet, strong voice was heard no longer in the theatres, and others took her place in the theatrical world; but some people there were who could not forget the gracious Mademoiselle Duplessis. Her manager, not being satisfied with the efforts of the detectives, sent to England and employed men from Scotland Yard, at great expense, but without avail, for the case baffled them. So Marie Duplessis was soon forgotten, except by those faithful few of her friends who prayed for her safe return.

* * *

He was just a wounded poilu, but, as he lay on the battlefield, he heard a voice singing, faintly at first. There was a lull in the fighting, and the voice then rang out loud and sweet and clear,

"Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Then it stopped. His heart was beating wildly. He had heard that voice before,

for he had been Assistant Property-man in a theatre, and many times had he heard it rise high and clear in some simple melody. He spoke to a fellow-sufferer a few feet away, who lay wounded in a shell-hole,—an American, who was with the Foreign Legion. “I know that voice. It is that of the great singer, Marie Duplessis.” John Howard, the American, who was still conscious, though in great pain, believed this to be merely the imagination of a fevered mind. “It is probably the voice of a nurse,” he mused, “one of these wonderful American girls who are making life (and death) so much easier for our brave soldiers.” But the poilu was certain that it was the voice of “Le gracieux Ma’melle” and no other. The battle raged fiercely, and Francois Pallette, the poilu, never lived to see its end. Afterwards John Howard told the Lieutenant of his company what the poilu had said of the singer, and the officer replied that he, too, had heard the voice, and that it was that of a girl ambulance driver, who was singing to a seriously wounded soldier, on his way to Blighty, to keep his spirits up. However, the news spread, for when John Howard was sent back of the lines to a rest camp, he was placed beside Gene Duplessis. Not knowing Duplessis’ name, Howard one day mentioned the peculiar incident of the battlefield. Gene at once sent word to his sister’s manager, but when a detective was sent to the front, he could gain no information as to who the singer had been. She had not been seen after that incident, but a soldier who happened to have been in the ambulance she was driving said, that she was “a tiny thing with big black eyes.” The detectives closely followed up this clue, but, as by chance there was found another girl ambulance driver who resembled Marie in all those details, but who had already

been a year and half at the front, the search was abandoned.

* * *

At last the detectives in Paris had a clue! A girl had been seen in a suburb of Paris whom they felt beyond doubt was Marie Duplessis. Then she had disappeared again, and she was not seen for days. Her press-agent put out more posters and her manager raised the amount of the reward; but to no purpose, for after days of earnest and painstaking effort, the detective found that the clue led to only a poor French girl working in a millinery store, and they then gave up the chase.

On the battle-field the voice was heard often at the close of some big fight, or when there was a lull in the turmoil. Dying soldiers heard it, and passed out with a smile on their lips, and a blessing in their hearts for the woman who, in that desolate waste, could raise her voice in some old-time melody.

Rene Dupre still flew over the lines, and it was said that at sight of him, the singing would cease. Why was it? Was the mysterious singer really Marie Duplessis or was she merely the “tiny American girl ambulance driver with big black eyes?”

Chapter II.—Marie Appears.

Gene Duplessis wondered, as the preparations went on for a big attack, whether or not he would come out of the battle. They were to go “over the top” at 5.15 the next morning, preceded by a heavy barrage of fire concentrated against a two mile front. As he sat cleaning his gun he recalled how he had come out of his last fight with only a slight wound. He was back from the rest camp, and was again going to serve his country, perhaps die for it. He was anxious for the battle to start, and yet, in a way, he dreaded it. He laughed with his companions over the

nervousness of the American rookies who were about to go into their first battle.

As five-fifteen came nearer and nearer, Gene had a sinister feeling. He spoke to the fellow next to him, "If I die," said he, "will you see for me that this letter is sent?" The soldier promised and put the letter—which was to Alec Dupont—in his pocket. At five o'clock the bombardment commenced. The nervous tension of the soldiers ran high. Red Cross dressing-stations, just behind the lines, showed more and more signs of life, and there preparations were going on for the receiving of a large amount of wounded. Five-ten came. The rookies in the reserve trenches glued their eyes to their wrist watches. Some of the soldiers whom war had hardened were grouped around an old Poilu who was telling them a story. Some of the men were writing letters to mothers, and to "girls they had left behind" whom they would never perhaps again see. At twelve minutes past men clasped their rifles firmer, bayonets fixed, and waited for the order to advance.

* * *

As he lay wounded out in No Man's Land he saw, as if in a dream, a girl in white come out of the hazy nowhere. Stretchers bearers followed her, on her errand of mercy, as she went from soldier to soldier, administering aid to the wounded. His eyes roamed over the battle-scarred field, and he saw her kneeling beside a dying soldier holding his rosary. She was a picture, kneeling there, one hand resting on the fevered brow of the Poilu, the other holding the beads that meant so much to him. His company had made an advance that was very noticeable when the futile attempts of past days were considered, and the casualty list was very heavy.

Suddenly he looked again. That nurse looked strangely familiar. Was she—could

she be—his sister? He raised himself to a sitting position despite the pain in his shoulder. He looked intently at her through pain-dimmed eyes. Then he fell back exhausted. "Marie," he gasped in as loud a voice as he could command, "Marie." Thinking he was in great pain, Marie Duplessis—for it was she—came over to him. "Marie," he said again and with great difficulty, "Don't you know me? I'm Gene." Thinking perhaps she could still keep her identity concealed she said, as if speaking to a child, "Why of course you're Gene." Then he lost consciousness, and while he was in this stupor he was taken back to the base hospital in the rear of lines. When he came to, a nurse was bathing his forehead. "You're not Marie," he murmured, "I want *her*." "Now," said the nurse firmly, "I don't want you to talk any more. You're just going to sleep for a short time while Doctor Rambeau dresses that shoulder.

* * *

Her work for the day being done, Marie Duplessis sank into a chair in her room at the base hospital. She was thoroughly despondent. What should she do? "What," she said to herself, "if he asks for me, and not by my assumed name? He will no doubt tell them that I am not Aurele Latour, a poor French nurse. They will think I am a spy," she ended bitterly. There she sat far into the evening wondering what she should best do. Should she see Gene and warn him not to speak of her, or should she merely try to avoid seeing him, and trust to luck and fate that he would think he saw her in a dream? If she made herself known to him, he would ask why she had gone away so silently—so mysteriously—gone without even telling him or Rene Dupre.

As she sat there an idea came to her. She got up, took her cape from the closet, and went out. When the sun rose over a

certain base hospital it became known that Aurele Latour had received a very important summons from Paris—where she had immediately gone on a city-bound ambulance, at midnight.

* * *

As Gene lay in bed he said to the nurse who was dressing the wound in his shoulder, "Who is the nurse with the black eyes and hair that is so pretty?" "Oh!", said the nurse, "that is Miss Latour who received a summons from Paris last evening. She is not here now. Did you hear her singing to the soldiers?" "No," said he, "she dressed my wound for me. She looked very much like someone I know, and I was wondering who she was." He was disappointed for he was sure that he had seen his sister, but, he thought, she

might have changed her name. "But what would she do that for?" he asked himself. No, he would not think of it. It was not his sister, but oh! how she resembled her. As he lay pondering a thought came to him. Marie Duplessis had been recognized on the battlefield by another soldier, for had not John Howard heard her voice and received the statement of Francois Pallette that it was she? Why had Miss Latour gone away? Had she really received a summons from Paris or had she asked the authorities to say so as a blind? If so, why did she not want her identity known? Would he ever see his sister again? Meanwhile where was Marie Duplessis? Where had she gone at midnight on an ambulance? Who knew? Do you?

(To be continued)

LYNDALL M. MILLER, '20.

YVONNE

It was just at the daffodil time of spring, and the yellow flowers were growing in profusion never seen except in Italy. Up on the hill side in the midst of their riotous beauty stood the old Palazzo, stained with the marks of time, dilapidated, as were so many of the old mansions where the families lived on little else than the memories of their ancient splendor, but looking to-day like a house of romance. All the land seemed at rest and peace.

On the low broken wall that surrounded the moss-grown courtyard Yvonne was seated. Her eyes were sad and thoughtful, for she was thinking of Francois, the man whom she was to marry and who was to rebuild the broken traditions of her house. He was coming home to-day.

Then, with the bitter-sweetness of remembrance, her thoughts went back to another spring, when she was walking in the daffodil fields. On that morning she

had heard a man's voice singing, pure, clear, and perfect.

The singer, young, lean, muscular and handsome had passed her. Laughing eyes had met his. She had smiled and thrown him a daffodil. "I paid him for his song," Yvonne had said to herself. Something within her had answered, "You lie! you threw him a love token."

They had met again and again. Yvonne in her day-dreams, smiled as she thought of how under the very eyes of their friends, her father, and her mother they had whispered their love. They had murmured their secret until it no longer became a secret, and they were watched.

They had resolved to run away, and, far from the friends and enemies of their youth, find some place where they could live forgotten by the world—a perpetual honey moon among the roses.

But then had come the war. Francois, with a burst of patriotic feeling—fierce,

intense and ardent—had started for the Front, and Yvonne, feeling that her heart was broken, had watched him go.

In the long days that passed Yvonne found her dreary life brightened only by frequent news of him.

So Yvonne dreamed her dreams until she heard the noise of horses' hoofs on the road and the sound of wheels that stopped at the old gate. A man was crossing the courtyard. He appeared aged and feeble,

leaning on a stick and walking with difficulty.

She rose with a cry—he had left her young, strong, handsome and full of life. Now he was returning—a broken man, who had sacrificed his manhood for his country.

Then, leaning on Yvonne's arm, they went up to the old mansion, where her father was waiting for them.

By permisison of a Senior.

A RED CROSS DOG.

The call for volunteers had sounded. Men were wanted for the French army.

Among the men that volunteered was a poor man whose only companion was a dog. He and the dog had to eat anything that they could get and sleep in anything that was handy and would afford shelter.

Going into the recruiting station, the man offered his services and then told them that he had a dog which he wanted taken care of. The officer told him to bring the dog in. The man did so and gave him to the officer, who looked him over and then told his master that probably he could help his country also as they needed dogs, and that this one was one of the most faithful kind. The man was greatly pleased to know that his only possession could help in the great struggle. He was loath to give up his companion of many years, for where his master went, the dog was sure to follow, but he was glad that the dog would not have to roam about the streets with no one to take care of him.

The dog was then taken to a training station where the dogs were taught to go out after a battle on the field under fire and bring in a cap or anything that they could pull off the wounded man.

When the nurses at the station thought

that the dog had been trained long enough and could be depended on, they took him to a hospital within a short distance of the firing line.

By this time the dog's master had been sent out onto the field of battle and had started in to take his part in the great struggle that was going on.

Going through an entanglement one day the dog suddenly saw a form lying in front of him. He went up to the still body and sniffed around it. The man was just conscious enough to feel the dog lapping his face. He opened his eyes and looked at the dog's shaggy coat. The dog whined piteously when he saw the eyes close again, and then began pulling and tugging at his hat. He finally succeeded in getting it off and then started back to the hospital.

When they got back to the wounded man they put him onto a stretcher and gently lifted him into the waiting ambulance. After much jouncing and bumping they finally arrived at the hospital where it was found that the wounded man was beyond the power of human beings to restore him to life.

After the man was buried the dog went and lay down on the mound of earth. He would not take any nourishment nor

would he leave the place, but would only look pleadingly at anybody that came near.

He kept growing thinner and thinner

until he, too, started on his long sleep and was buried by the side of his master. Both of them had given their lives to France.

MAUD BURROWS, '22.

MY FRENCH ADVENTURE

It was nine o'clock in the evening and I was translating French. "L'aspect de la ville——"

What had happened. Were my eyes deceiving me? To my astonishment I found myself in the center of a small village. I saw a man walking a few feet ahead of me, and, after hurrying to overtake him, I said, "Pardon me, but could you tell me the name of this village?"

A bewildered expression crossed his face and after hesitating he answered, "Pardon, mam'selle, je ne comprends pas l'anglais?"

French! ! "J'ai-er-er-er." Didn't I wish then that I had studied French with more earnestness. Here I was a stranger in a French village, and couldn't remember a word of French.

"Parlez-vous français?" he inquired hopefully. "Non-nous, monsieur," I replied sadly.

Then to my astonishment he began to make the most ridiculous gestures, and I

burst out laughing. The man stopped and walked away with an injured expression on his face. I hurried after him and pleaded in vain that I had meant no harm, but he would not listen to me.

Then I looked hopelessly around. "Bon jour, mam'selle," said a pretty girl pleasantly.

More French! !

Suddenly a French word flashed through my mind. Courir—run! and run I did, or rather I started to for

"Wake Up! Wake up!" cried a voice. I opened my eyes and began, "Say, I've had the funniest dream."

"I should say you had, at the rate that you've been talking French. 'Je ne', began my brother. "Too much French for such a child," said father laughingly.

Snatching up my beloved (?) Colomba I walked indignantly out of the room, resolving that never again would I study French at night.

ELEANOR SCULLEY, '21.

THE LIFE OF 1918.

Father Time was leading old Miss 1918 from this world forever, and as they were slowly departing they met her younger sister, Little Miss 1919.

After exchanging greetings Miss 1919 asked her sister how she had fared in the world. The old lady shook her head wisely and responded with some sadness, "People are very changeable. When sister '17 left they welcomed me with gladness,

but now I am forgotten, for they think of no one but you.

I have seen much happiness, misfortune and sorrow, also birth, life, and death. In devastated France, I saw many homes saddened and ruined. Many brave men died there for their country. In England and Italy things were the same, and in America circumstances were little better, for although they had not suffered as

much during the war as the other countries, there was a great loss of life during the epidemic.

Many will tell you that my life was more trying than any other year in the history of the world. We had a long, cold winter with much sickness and death.

I take pleasure in remembering one thing, though, that is, that peace was brought about during my life.

For this reason I believe that I have left the earth better for my being there, and

also because I have taught people to suffer uncomplainingly.

It is getting late now, and I think that I have delayed you quite enough, so good-bye. I wish you a happy and prosperous life."

Then Miss 1918 saw Miss 1919 depart under the escort of old Father Time. She saw the doors of a happy and peaceful future open, and with a sigh she continued on her way.

ANONYMOUS.

SHIELDING

James Tower had closed his place of business in Boston and had gone west for his health. He spent his time in the outdoor air riding and going on trips for weeks at a time.

A few days after his arrival in the west there was murdered in the town a business man by the name of Schneider. No one could get trail of the murderer.

One evening Tower met a poor, half starved lad in tattered clothes. He took him home, fed him, and gave him a suit of clothes. The poor lad put on the suit and went away. Not knowing what to do with the old clothes he threw them in a trunk.

Next day Tower was visited by the police. They came and searched his room for they said the person suspected of the murder was seen entering there the previous night. On finding the discarded clothes they thought surely that Tower was hiding the criminal but when he told his story they believed him.

Two weeks later while walking through the woods Tower met the lad again. He stopped him, told him the authorities were on his trail, and asked him to tell why he had killed Schneider. After much coaxing the boy told this story.

One day while in Schneider's shop for he was an orphan and worked for Schnei-

A CULPRIT

der, he told his employer that he did not feel well. Schneider refused to let him stop working, however, saying he was lazy.

When Schneider left the shop about two o'clock, the lad threw himself down behind some logs and went to sleep. When he awoke it was dark. He looked at his watch. It was nine o'clock. He tried to find some way out. He saw a light through the key hole of the office door, peeking in he saw Schneider and one of his friends with many papers before them. As luck would have it, he stumbled and fell; they jumped to their feet and ran to the door. There was a struggle, in which he wrenched a revolver from Schneider's friend. Seeing Schneider draw a revolver, he shot, Schneider fell, and the other man ran away.

He went to the office where the papers were just as they had been left.

Schneider and his friend had been planning to smuggle ash wood to Germany for the manufacture of airships. Schneider was a German spy. The lad had to tell this, but the thought of killing the man, and the fear of being hanged, had made him run away.

"Come with me," said Tower. "Have no fear for what you have done. Be proud."

ETHEL POOLE, '19.

COURAGEOUS JOE

Joe Thompson was a seaman in the United States Navy. He had enlisted when he was a boy and since then he had served five terms of four years each. He was now located on board a destroyer that was to sail for Europe. They arrived at Liverpool and loaded with ammunition and supplies. They steamed out of Liverpool harbor on the tenth of June with a large fleet of sister destroyers.

A month had now passed and nothing of importance had happened until on the thirteenth of July as they were having mess, the order "general quarters" was sounded on the bugler. Everybody ran for his place and Joe made his way to the stern as he was a member of the depth charge crew. The bombs were put in place

and as they passed over the spot where the "Sub" was last seen several were dropped. Somehow or other a bomb had become entangled with some ropes and the ignition had been started. In thirty seconds the bomb would explode and blow the stern of the ship off and kill most of the crew. Joe ran aft and jumped over the railing and with his knife cut the rope which held the bomb. After it had got under it exploded and a deluge of water was thrown over the stern of the ship. That was the last seen of Joe but later they saw oil and wreckage on the surface which indicated that the "Sub" was done for. Thus Joe gave his life for his country after twenty-five years of service.

THE FRESHMAN PARTY.

One of the best parties that has been held this year was the Christmas party given by the Freshman, Thursday night, December 19. As one entered the assembly room his attention was greatly attracted by the beautiful decorations of evergreen, pine boughs colored crepe-paper and the large, prettily decorated tree that was placed in a corner of the room.

When all were seated, Mr. Archibald started the ball rolling by getting the boys out of the darkest corner in the room and mixing them up with the girls by a game called Boston. We next played Spin the Cover, had a telegram contest, and a few more interesting games.

The jingle of sleigh bells was heard and Santa came into the room to distribute some presents; everyone in the room received two or more presents from him. Then the eats were brought on. Eats, Oh boy! They were the best that were ever served in Hamilton High. We had sandwiches, doughnuts, cookies, cake, candy, and some cocoa to wash it down.

After this, dancing was held in the hall, the music being furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Archibald and some of the students. About ten everyone was seen wrapping up and leaving the building after having enjoyed one of the best parties of the year.

RICHARD McGINLEY, '20.

A COUNTRY ROAD IN WINTER

The earth is all white with snow, which resembles a large white quilt. The icicles hanging on the trees look like diamonds glittering in the sun. The pine trees along the road are laden down with snow, while

the chick-a-dees twitter among their branches. A sled passes by and leaves a track converging in the distance like a railroad track.

RAYMOND WHIPPLE, '22.

MR. MICAWBER

Mr. Micawber was a smooth-faced man with long white hair which was whitened by trouble, though he always wore a smile. He had on an old fashioned waist coat, and short knee breeches, a battered old hat, and shoes that were several sizes too big for him. He wore something which was supposed to be a coat. Altogether he presented a very pitiful figure as he stood on the street corner.

NORA GORMAN, '22.

THE TRAMP

Along a lonely road trudges a hungry tramp. He wears a ragged pair of overalls that were once blue, but are now more of a gray, and a black swallow-tail coat that has seen many a day. His face is quite thin and bearded. He has sharp black eyes. Upon his head he wears a straw hat, although it is nearly Thanksgiving time. He mutters to himself as he goes along. He doesn't care about his looks, but thinks of a good dinner he will beg.

EINAR JOHNSON, '22.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN

I am standing under the roof of the station. People come and go to the ticket office. Men a little way up the tracks are fixing the rails. Express men are carrying loads by me; some are loading them on trucks. Freight trains come through the station, some long and some short. In a few minutes I see a train coming; I ask the ticket agent if it goes to Boston. He says it does, so I get on and leave busy New York behind.

SAM MALONE, '22.

THE JUDGE

The judge is a stern looking man. He has broad slim features. His face is very thin and wrinkled, his eyes are set away back, and he has a white mustache. He wears a black suit, a high white collar, a red striped necktie, and usually black shoes. He always looks very neat and prim as he sits behind his desk. The expression he has on his face will almost tell you that he tries to deal fairly with everyone.

MINNIE GOULD, '22.

AFTER THE SNOW-STORM

After the snow had stopped falling I put on my wraps and went out-doors. I stood at the corner of my house and looked down the road. The trees were bent low with the snow and the roofs of the houses were also covered. The sun was shining and the sky was bright blue. The sun made the snow sparkle like diamonds. This, if painted, would have made a very beautiful picture.

LUCY SANDERS, '22.

THE COUNTRY IN SPRING

I am standing in an open field in the early spring. All around me everything is bubbling over with the joy of living. Birds fly through the air twittering to each other, and perch on the branches of trees, still continuing their merry chatter. Flowers are nodding brightly to the sun above, which looks down with beaming countenance on the happy world. Trees are budding out with soft green balls appearing here and there which will soon open and show a bunch of leaves. In the distance far above the tree tops, a cloud of white smoke rises into the air, and the warning whistle of an engine even seems to have a happy tone. Altogether, no one would realize that one part of the world is in utter desolation and sorrow.

MAUD BURROWS, '22.

SPORTING AND MILITARY NOTES

Anti Flu Club Activities

Since our last publication the members of the Anti-Flu Club have spent two very enjoyable Thursday afternoons in recreative outdoor activities. On Thursday Jan. 9, a coasting party on one of Hamilton's steepest hills was held. Forty-five students and four teachers walked in a body from the school house to the coasting grounds, and with the use of several large double-runners and flexible fliers spent a most enjoyable afternoon. We were fortunate to close the afternoons' festivities with nothing more serious than a damaged sled or two, as the hill was "just glare ice." We all concluded after two hours of coasting and a walk back that the "flu" germs would have had to "travel some" to keep up our pace on the hillside that afternoon.

On Thursday, Jan. 16th, the members of the club tried their luck at skating. Cutler's pond furnished amusement for about forty students and seven teachers.

Those who did not take skates were entertained by being drawn over the pond on "jitney rides" (a la sled route), while between turns plenty of laughter and fun was supplied by those whose ankles were weak and who, because of said malady could not navigate successfully for any length of time in an upright position.

A practice hockey game also kept many of the more energetic boys busy. All told, we had a fine time and felt much better for having been out in the air a whole afternoon.

CURRENT TOPICS

At the P. T. A. meeting Tuesday evening there was a very interesting entertainment furnished by the children of the grades. Each grade furnished a number on the program. There were songs, recitations and dramatization by the pupils of the lower grades. A Highland Fling was danced by Louise McKain and there were patriotic numbers and folk dances by the upper grade pupils.

The audience was larger than has ever been known at a P. T. A. meeting.

The ability of the children and the work of the teachers who had trained them, was greatly appreciated by all.

There has been a new plan adopted in teaching the U. S. History which is going to make it much more interesting. Each one is to take a day in turn in teaching the class. Mason Cook, being the first one, did very well, and expressed his wish that he might do it every day. All the

rest are looking forward to their turn.

Hamilton has begun to come to life since war ended. It has gone as far as to import into town, moving pictures, which show signs of being very popular.

The blowing of the whistle the other day at eight minutes past twelve caused a great deal of comment. People set their clocks back and some their so-called watches. Some of the children even came to school late next morning. If that wasn't the trouble, they may be thankful they were allowed that excuse. I guess many appreciated it.

Young men of Hamilton returned from the service of U. S. A.

Rudolph Haraden
Peter Frazer
Charles Grant
Harry McGregor
Stoughton Davis
Edward Cox

Louis Dodge
Walter Green
Gardner Low
John McGinley

Mr. Archibald has been to St. John's Prep. School at Danvers to referee their basket ball games. The Student Body of the Hamilton High envies their athletic spirit and wish they could imbibe some of the spirit.

Owing to the raising of the standard of the School, the evening social activities of the School have been indefinitely suspended until the scholastic standing of the School is as it should be. It is hoped that a little thought and attention on the part of the students will rectify this condition of affairs in the immediate future, so that our suspended activities may again be resumed.

ALUMNI NOTES

Frederick Daley was home on a short furlough at New Years from the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.

Lester Durkee was home also on a fourteen day furlough from Pensacola, Fla.

A letter just received from Lester Feener by his parents stating that he was not wounded but slightly gassed some time ago and is perfectly well now except for a slight cold.. He is in Luxemburg, Germany.

The sad news of the death of William Taylor overseas, came as a shock to his

many friends. His death was due to pneumonia.

"Hap" and "Vic" Daley, who are now with the army of occupation, have sent home a large collection of rare souvenirs. The collection consists of five German helmets, one French helmet, a German water bottle, two German medical kits, and a large number of German buttons. In the collection there are also several shoulder straps, one of which is a German officer's. The collection has been on exhibition at Daley's Market.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The Freshmen have spent this term on quick breads and cornmeal and graham muffins which they made to use up the substitutes. They are also studying the use of left over bread by making French toast and Welsh Rarebit.

The P. T. A. association are very kindly defraying the expense of serving to sixty-five pupils every day. The pupils are both grade and high school who stay to luncheon. They appreciate this very much as it makes their luncheon more palatable.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

The marks have shown that there has been some good work done in the Commercial Department, and they also show that in some cases there has not.

The stenography class is guilty of the last charge. They have done quite an amount of work, but not as much as

should be done, and what was supposed to be learned was not learned very well. This was proved by the quizzes that were given the last week before the marks were sent in.

The second year bookkeeping class have nearly completed a two months set, com-

"CURRENT TOPICS"

The work in and around the school is going on very smoothly. The teachers and pupils are all doing their part towards helping the school develop a good spirit in work and other activities.

The Senior Class was going to give a party in September but the epidemic prevented them from doing so. The annual Hallowe'en party of the Junior Class, was held Friday night, November first, and it proved a great success. All enjoyed themselves playing games and feasting on the food given by the mothers.

Ducking apples was Mooney Towle's favorite game. He certainly was not afraid to get his head wet. Donald Davis was the champion doughnut eater by twice doing away with a doughnut in one bite. It is expected that the Sophomores

will give a Thanksgiving Party and the Freshmen a Christmas one.

The school hopes that these parties will continue through the whole year, as they are enjoyed by all.

The great question before the school board now is how to regain in the most convenient way the time lost during the epidemic. It has been proposed that the school session start at 7.45 and continue until 1.45. If this were done we should gain an hour a day, and a day in a week. Others think it would be a good plan to omit the one week vacation every eight weeks. All agree that anything is more suitable than going to school in July. The question is not settled as yet but action will be taken on it in the immediate future.

TOWN TOPICS

The death of the late Herman Durkee came as a shock to his many friends. Herman Durkee graduated from Hamilton High School with the class of 1916.

Charles Patterson recently accepted a position at Gould's Market.

The Juniors of H. H. S. recently received their class rings.

A score of Senior and Junior girls helped faithfully during "Tag Day" at Hamilton.

Miss Moynihan of Arlington Street who has been very ill with pneumonia, is now recovering slowly.

The P. T. A. Husking Bee held at the Myopia Hunt Club Stables was a great success both socially and financially.

The great news of "Peace" reached Hamilton and bells of all sorts rang, whistles blew and Hamilton was quite awake for some time.

FADS AND FASHIONS

Hamilton High seems to be very patriotic in conserving leather, for nearly all the girls are wearing spats with their low shoes.

Bows seem to be the style, for not only all the girls are wearing them, but a couple of Junior boys have been wearing

bow-neckties to set the style among the boys.

The prevalent "Dutch Cut" has broken out in our midst.

Soft hats are coming in style. If you don't believe it, ask Doc Haraden.

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